

114

Moll in the Wad,

A favorite **DIALOGUE** Sung at the Theatres in Dublin.

Price 6^d

London Printed for Cabusac & Sons
Musical Instrument Makers, 196, Strand
& sold at Messrs. Lintons Music Warehouse, Bath.

CLUMP

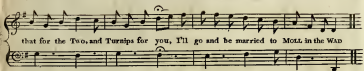
Miss Jenny don't think that I care for you, For all your Freaks and

Allo

comi-cal Airs, You snub at your Betters, I tell you true, You know full well you're

at your last Pray'rs. There's Kat-ty Mc Girk, and

Sheelah so smirk, They swear that I'm the Broth of a Lad: But



JENNY. Pray don't be impudent, Master Clump,
For all your Cobbling Kite and Gears;-
I'll up with my Fist, and I'll give you a Thump,
I'll smack your Face, and I'll box your Ears.
Your Slippers and Shoes, and you I'd refuse,
Was there no other Man to be had:
To Mullin-a-hac be off in a Crack,
And go to the Devil with MOLL in the WAD.

CLUMP. Farewell, Mrs. Jane, you'll rue the Day
That you refused to butter your Bread.

JENNY. Remember your Last, poor Clump, I may
Prepare your Sole, and twiddle your Thread!

CLUMP. Had I married you—(JENNY). Pray what would you do?

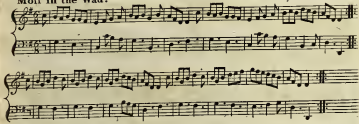
CLUMP. I'd made you a Mammy (JENNY). You'd ne'er been a Dad,
Your Red full of Thorns, (CLUMP). My Head full of Horns.

JENNY. { You'd better be married to MOLL in the WAD.

CLUMP. { I'll go and be married to MOLL in the WAD.

Moll in the Wad.

Country Dance.



First & 2d. Cu. set and Hands across = D^o back again = Lead down the middle, and up again = Poufette with the top Cu. =